Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

"Americus," a writer for "Free Society," remembering my opinion that it is inadvisable for Anarchists to vote, finds inconsistency in my rejoicing over the election of a libertarian to an Illinois judgeship. I suppose, then, that, if "Americus" and John D. Rockefeller were after each other with shotguns, and I should hear that the former had been the first to "get the drop" on his antagonist, I would not be justified in rejoicing over the result as favorable to the greater friend of liberty, unless I were willing also to advise every Anarchist to go gunning for a capitalist.

Henry A. Brann, a Roman Catholic priest, says of the late pope: "He knew that Socialism and infidelity made most progress among the half-educated or the ignorant. He knew that a really educated man, educated thoroughly, would never accept the theory of Voltaire or Rousseau or Proudhon." Of course, this is equivalent to declaring that Voltaire, Rousseau, and Proudhon were not educated men. How ridiculous on the lips of a man too ignorant to know that the theory of Rousseau is diametrically opposite to the theory of Proudhon, and that the theory of Voltaire differs considerably from both!

The "Evening Post," very properly disturbed over the increasing frequency of lynching, asks: "Have we already forgotten the thrill of pride we felt in the orderly and dignified trial of Czolgosz? Every privilege and immunity which the law affords to any man accused of crime were secured to that moral monster." As a matter of fact, the boasted trial of Czolgosz was one of the most impudent shams ever lauded as the genuine article. Czolgosz had committed a murder; he admitted it; he gloried in it; there was no doubt about it; he made no defence; and, as far as the question of guilt or innocence was concerned, there was no defence to be made. The counsel assigned to defend him had but one duty to perform in justice to their client, — the duty of comparing the motive of this man who believed he had done a righteous act with the motives that ordinarily prompt malicious murder, for the purpose of securing a mitigation of the penalty. Instead of that, they simply saw to it that the *forms* of law were observed, for the rest abusing their client in the most outrageous manner, apologizing for appearing as his counsel, and holding him up to execration as a much worse man than the malicious murderer. And, because of this observance of the mere forms of law, the vainglorious American people, through newspapers in every way worthy of them, plume themselves on their orderly behavior, though the truth is that a crazier pack than they were at that moment never applied the torch to burn a negro at the stake. Than this shameful travesty of justice lynching itself would have been less repulsive to every man whose eye can pierce a fraud.

Hereafter people crossing the Atlantic in a westerly direction should be careful not to talk politics until after they are well ashore. It is dangerous business. Eight who incautiously did so recently, in the steerage of an Italian liner bound for this port, will know better another time. After their arrival they were examined for an entire day by the immigration board of special inquiry on a charge of having "discussed European political conditions at great length on board ship." The board finally concluded, however, that they had not gone into politics deeply enough to disqualify them for American citizenship, and so admitted them to the country. The New York "Times," in reporting the case, said: "So earnest did their conferences become at times that the suspicion arose that they might be Anarchists." Liberty notes with satisfaction the virtual admission of the "Times" that every earnest man is an Anarchist, and every Archist a trifler.

"Zeitschrift für den individualistischen Anarchismus"—A Periodical of Individualist Anarchism—is the name of a new publication in Germany, to which Liberty extends a cordial welcome and for which it bespeaks the interest of its readers. The "Zeitschrift" bears the name of Johann Otten as editor and publisher, and comes from Hamburg-Barmbeck, Uhlenkamp No. 27. The first number, dated July 1, 1903, is a small four-page paper, and contains, besides a short introductory note by the editor, John Henry Mackay's sonnet, "Anarchie"; an article, "Anarchismus," by Johann Otten; a second article, "Etwas vom heiligen Sozialismus," signed A. Bussler; and a number of announcements and advertisements of Anarchistic literature. The authors of the two principal articles evince a good understanding of the subjects about which they write, and Liberty expects to see more from their pens. Mr. Otten furnishes a fair outline of what individualist Anarchism is and what it is not, which ought to go far towards dissipating the prevailing popular confusion and misunderstanding concerning this subject, and attract and win for it the favorable attention of serious people in Socialist-ridden Germany. Mr. Bussler, in his article, argues against the quality of sacredness in Socialism which exalts it above the individual and degrades the latter from the position of a sovereign into that of a subject and a servant. Herein lies the danger of Socialism. Bussler would replace the Socialistic attempts at improving the human lot by endeavors of the "Union of Egoists," which, in solving the practical affairs of human beings in society, will have a jealous care for the utmost development and enjoyment of the personality of the individual. He consequently denies not only the State, but also democratic and sacred Socialism in all forms. In his introductory note the editor says that the "Zeitschrift" is not designed to please its readers, but its publisher: if it pleases also the readers, so much the better. The sentiment is sound, and the sentence has a familiar ring; but, in view of the editor's request for full credit from those who may republish his articles, Liberty would suggest, in no unfriendly spirit, that at the outset he himself should have offered a good example in this regard. Mr. Otten also says the "Zeitschrift" is the only individualist Anarchist publication that has hitherto appeared in Germany, evidently forgetting B. Zack's excellent "Flugschriften für den individualistischen Anarchismus," which appeared a few years ago, and files of which are advertised in his own "Zeitschrift." But these are minor considerations and lapses, readily to be overlooked in view of the promise of this periodical to spread the true Anarchist idea among the German people. Liberty wishes the new enterprise all possible success.

Chamberlain's Way.

["The Individualist."]

Some dullards cannot see the good
Of taxing bread, the poor man's food,
In order that we may contrive
To pension him at sixty-five.

They have been told this tax will aid
To make his labor better paid.
If half be starved at tender ages,
The rest, no doubt, will get more wages.

Yes; if we only dock their bread,
The mass of them will soon be dead;
Then think what gain, with few alive
To claim their due at sixty-five.

Poor folk who see your sons grow pale,
Who see your daughters droop and fail
For want of bread, howe'er you strive;
We'll give them food—at sixty-five.

Liberty.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excise man, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Bad Company and Worse.

Because Dr. Walter Channing made a study of Czolgosz's history and declared him to have been insane, the Boston "Courier" took occasion to suggest that all Anarchists were more or less insane. The editor thought he saw in the actions of Czolgosz, Bresci, Luccheni, etc., such a family likeness as pointed to a common cause; and he thought insanity a very appropriate cause for such deeds.

Well, the theory that there exists such a disease as regicidal insanity, and that this disease may be caused by suggestion when there are reports of regicides and kindred acts, is a theory for which there was respectable evidence before Anarchism was ever heard of. But "all Anarchists" is quite a different matter. Therefore a considerable number of letter-writers, all the way across the continent, wrote to the "Courier" in defence of their sanity. The editor saw that their letters were able, sober, "open and manly" (he notes especially that "not one hides behind a pseudonym"), and that they showed good historic ground for the assertion that Anarchism was a doctrine which had characterized wise and honorable men. Therefore he saw that he had been wrong, and he sets himself right by an editorial which conspicuously aims to be fair-minded. An article which explicitly calls the apostle Paul an Anarchist cannot be classed as an outburst of blind conservative rage. I think it is the first time I have seen this title given to Paul.

Yet I cannot be at peace with the last sentence. The editor is trying, as is fair enough, to show that he was not much to blame for what he wrote before. And this is the way he does it:

> And until the philosophical Anarchists purge themselves of association with or approval of the crimes of the men who do murder for their cause, they must share in the distrust and condemnation.

The first question which this raises is a question of fact. One would have thought the men who wrote the letters, and whom the "Courier" accepts as representatives of genuine philosophical Anarchism, had purged themselves of approval at least; for in the beginning of this editorial it is stated that they "believe in the theory of Anarchy, but not in the practice of the methods employed by the more zealous to bring about the abolition of government. They would like to see no more kings or emperors or presidents or congresses or laws in the world, but they revolt at the thought of killing off all rulers in order to reach that millennial condition."

Comparing these two views, one is led to suspect that the "Courier's" well-disposed editor has had his ideas of Anarchism upset so suddenly, by this flood of new light, that his new conception of the philosophical Anarchist is by no means settled and fixed as yet. However, this unhardened formative stage of opinion is a very hopeful condition. But I hope, when he gets his mind made up, he will have learned that there are many Anarchists who are thoroughly and conspicuously purged from association with crime or approval thereof, and not a few of them are also purged from association with men whom they know, believe, or suspect to be murderers in fact, intent, or desire.——No, I take back all that last, from "and not a few" to the end of the sentence. "Then must ye needs go out of the world," as the aforesaid apostle puts it. Our neighborhood is so full of those who desire the murder of Filipinos and other rebels, at home and abroad, that one cannot be expected to escape their company. But as to murderers "for the cause," which was the matter in hand, what I said was true. To continue my apostolic quotation, "if any man that is called a brother be" a murderer, and that in the name of the cause, or an upholder of such murder, "with such a one, no, not to eat" is a policy which some of us could quite honestly profess.

But our friend evidently does not think of the murdering of Filipinos as having anything to do with the case. And this is what worries me most. For I do not so much care whether I am judged sane or insane, a keeper of good company or bad. "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged by you, or by man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self"—I seem unable to get away from Paul's words to-day. What I do care about is whether the editor and readers of the "Courier" are going to be friends or enemies of the government; and see how this is likely to go! The cause of Anarchism is made so disreputable by the crimes done in its name that its disreputability taints all others who bear the name. This might be a quite defensible harshness of judgment, if the same test were applied to the other side. But the others go scot free. There is no hint that the crimes which governments commit, condone, associate with, and approve shall taint the cause of government or any who support that cause. Here, on the one hand, are a few men who are chargeable with a few murders, one or two a year—and these murders are mostly in the nature of capital punishment for a murderer whose guilt is publicly known and matter of official record, so that from the standpoint of capital punishment they are unobjectionable except on the ground of their uselessness. On the other hand, we have a system of corporations extending over the world, organized for murder and other purposes. Of these corporations, called governments, there is probably not one which is not guilty of murder for plunder, and for other purposes which tend as little to justify the crime. If there is one whose past guilt is not admitted even by its friends, it must be one whose past is very short. The opponents of Anarchism voluntarily associate with the government, and even boast of their membership in it and of their share in directing its actions. All these governments, the better and the worse, voluntarily associate with each other, and keep up certain friendly relations which have the avowed purpose of helping to keep up the power of all of them, the better and the worse. Since corporations have no souls, the United States government may not be chargeable with morally "approving" the present crimes of the Russian or Turkish government; but practically it helps to maintain an international law that helps keep these powers in the saddle.

As to "murder for their cause," it is well known that the United States government (and in this respect it is no worse than the rest) has lately been killing a number of men in Luzon and thereabouts, for no generally pretended reason except to uphold the authority of the government there. I understand this to be "the cause" of Anarchism's enemies,—to uphold the authority of the government. Here then we have killing "for the cause," and that by wholesale; and, if killing for the cause of Anarchism is "murder for their cause," then this action of the United States government must be "murder for their cause" in turn,—unless the cause of government has a sanctity which the cause of Anarchism lacks, so that killing for the one cause is murder, for the other not. But to assume this would be to prejudge the case. But that is just what I complain of,—that our case has been prejudged, right at this point. Here are two parties against each other, the Anarchists or enemies of government and the Archists or upholders of government; and the "Courier" finds the one party discredited because some of its members, receiving no support or sympathy from some others, have in a few instances done that which the other party has been doing in a multitude of instances with the organized and efficient support of all its members; but the "Courier" observes no reason for not supporting the latter party. It will doubtless be the same wherever this article of mine has the luck to be read by any one who is not an Anarchist: he will not be able to deny that governments are characterized by the policy of killing men in order to uphold their authority, nor that the upholders of government, whether they sympathize with this policy in a given case or not, are practically helping to keep this policy in force;* but he will see in this no reason for ceasing to uphold government; yet he will still think that

* I am afraid he will deny it, though, on the ground that a protest at the ballot-box salves everything. What I mean to say is that, when the government is engaged in a murderous course of action, those who coöperate in keeping up the institution are coöperating in furnishing the practical force which does the murdering. This is true even though they are doing their best to turn the government from its course; even though they are likely to have absolute success in this at the next election; even though their support of the government may itself be the means by which they can stop the murdering sooner than it could otherwise be stopped.

I doubt whether many of them would protest at the ballot-box if the insubordination was in New Jersey, instead of Luzon.

Anarchism, or at least some sort of so-called Anarchism, is seriously discredited by the fact that its supposed representatives have killed some of its enemies to forward its cause, and he will think this to be one of the good reasons why one should not identify himself with this movement. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

The Penalty of Playing with Politics.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Your foot-note to Labadie's article in the last issue of Liberty is a cowardly insinuation for which you should be ashamed. While you do not say that I *did* change my convictions for the purpose of more conveniently making the Eighth Biennial Report on Taxation, nevertheless that is the impression you seek to convey.

Not one of your followers in Chicago who have known me longest and best ever intimated such a thing. They met me regularly, and knew the changes I was undergoing at the time. They are still my very closest friends. It is therefore left for the High Priest of the Cult, who has only seen me several times and knows me best at long range, to make such a charge by implication. Like all priests of all churches, you are a jealous priest, ever ready to applaud those who leave other churches for your own, but woe to those whose changed convictions compel them to leave yours for some other. Motives must then be impugned, and cowardly insinuations circulated.

You are, perhaps, likewise influenced at times by the same temptation that, in the beginning, intoxicates the Juvenile Editor-Publisher who, with pen in hand and eyes fixed on plain paper, realizes that he can write what he pleases *and have it published*, and straightway turns loose and makes an unbridled d——d ass of himself.

It is indeed a sad sight to see a man of your intellectual capacity swayed by such petty and contemptible feelings. However, I shall not pass you up as entirely hopeless. Believing as I do in the efficacy of prayer, I shall fervently ask God to bless you with more of the milk of human kindness, so that your influence among your fellows may be commensurate with your intellectual powers.

> So long as the lamp holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return.

Very truly yours,

GEO. A. SCHILLING.

CHICAGO, JULY 14, 1903.

It is not my purpose to deal with the angry abuse in which Mr. Schilling indulges, many years' experience of that sort of thing having enabled me to receive it with equanimity. And I am sure to receive it, whatever course I may take. If I censure any one with directness and severity, my brutal frankness is complained of. If I make no charges and disclaim all intention of making any, but simply state facts in a way that does not absolutely exclude possibility of suspicion, straightway I am charged with cowardice. In the remarks that are to follow I shall endeavor to be brave without being needlessly brutal, but not with the least hope that, should I succeed, Mr. Schilling will be any the better satisfied.

Suppose that, after twenty-two years of persistent and uncompromising advocacy of Anarchism in Liberty, I were to announce in the next number my conversion to Archism, and were to accept, one week thereafter, an appointment from Theodore Roosevelt to a salaried office; what would Mr. Schilling say about it? He would say something like this: "Of course it is within the limits of logical possibility that Tucker should pursue such a course as this, and still remain a perfectly honest man. I cannot forget, either, that his previous record shows nothing of dishonesty, and much that entitles him to a place in my high regard. A single suspicious circumstance should not be allowed to offset years of upright conduct. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that the present case wears an ugly look, and Tucker can hardly complain if some of his friends show less caution than I in entertaining and expressing the doubt which, to say the least, has occurred even to me."

I am sure that Mr. Schilling would say pretty nearly that, and in my opinion he would be perfectly justified in saying it. Why, then, may I not take a similar view of Mr. Schilling's abandonment of Anarchism for the Single Tax at the time of his acceptance of a State position the duties of which virtually compelled his allegiance to some form of Archism? For this is the extent of my offending. I have not said even that Mr. Schilling's course had lowered him a point from his high place in my esteem; it would be impossible for me to say so before being fully satisfied of his dishonesty. It is perfectly true, however, that he holds that place a little less firmly than before. A few more blows—such as his present letter, for instance, the tone of which tends to arouse suspicion—might send him tumbling, while, on the other hand, further exercise of the qualities that originally won my admiration might restore his old-time grip.

Mr. Schilling should remember that the methods which he loves are not those best calculated to disarm suspicion. He is a born politician, and is now paying the politician's penalty. He was always fretting under the slow evolutionary process by which alone Anarchism can advance, and it was undoubtedly a relief to him when he could once more see a way to participate in politics. For he is fond of negotiation, adores compromise, and is never happier than when pulling wires. He loves to throw his arm around a man, and captivate him by the charm of his smooth, slow, fascinating drawl. In fact, his best friends, using the phrase in no offensive sense, are wont to speak of him as "pretty smooth." Now, these ways and manners are consistent with perfect honesty, but they are generally chosen by the artful, the crafty, and the designing. Hence the man who resorts to them loses that shield against suspicion of which he who prefers the straightforward to the devious course is always the happy possessor.

In fact, in the instance immediately under discussion, his lack of straightforwardness has contributed somewhat to such suspicion as I entertain. When, before accepting the office that was offered him, he came to me to ask my advice, did he say a word to me of "the changes" he was "undergoing at the time"? Not a bit of it. He came as an Anarchist asking a fellow-Anarchist's advice, knowing all the time that he was on the point of deserting Anarchism. Afterward, when the desertion came, is it surprising that I had my doubts? Nor is it true that I am alone in my scepticism. I have heard more than one of Mr. Schilling's old Chicago friends intimate that their idol had turned to clay.

What may be the result of Mr. Schilling's intercession with his friend, the Almighty, in my favor, I do not know. It occurs to me, however, that, since this issue of Liberty is sure to fall under the All-Seeing Eye, it may scan Mr. Schilling's letter and call on its writer to set a good example. Yet perhaps not, for the Eye has seen others, it being a common practice of the emotional and religious temperament to damn a man in one breath and ask God to bless him in the next. At any rate, while God is preparing my portion of the milk of human kindness, I will ask any steady reader of Liberty to decide whether Mr. Schilling's letter or my rejoinder is the more indicative of moderate, calm, and even-tempered judgment; for, after all, that is the quality which, even more than the milk of human kindness, gives a man, in the long run, "influence among his fellows." T.

Keidansky.

The "Discourses of Keidansky," by Bernard G. Richards (not G. Bernard Shaw), Scott-Thaw Co., publishers, are a collection of papers originally written for the Boston "Transcript," and in some ways betray their origin as newspaper articles. They are, for instance, written in an easy, conversational style which, for continuous reading in book form, is apt to become tiresome. But this, and the sometimes too apparent effort to say striking things and make paradoxical statements, are faults which do not seriously detract from the merits of the book.

After following Mr. Richards's musings through twenty-four papers, on all manner of subjects appertaining to life, literature, and art, the most vivid impression one has received is that of the writer's sympathetic personality. His broad-minded reasonableness draws one towards him, although he may have nothing to offer that anyone thinking along radical lines has not himself thought and felt. One feels that he has been an earnest and sympathetic reader of advanced thought and literature rather than a pioneer and discoverer. But one also feels that he is no mere mouthpiece of any school or philosophy, but a calm, discriminating reasoner, who has outgrown the storm and stress period of his life: one who can say of social reformers and theorizing visionaries, "They make me weary, the more so because they constantly remind me how foolish I once was myself." He may be called a queer mixture of pessimistic fatalism and optimistic hopefulness, perhaps both a racial inheritance; but the hopeful note predominates. He is by no means a cynic. He seems to have taken Goethe's advice to reach out into the fulness of life with the assurance of finding it interesting wherever he lays hold of it.

> Greift nur hinein in's volle Menschenleben,
> . . . . . .
> Und wo ihr's packt, da ist's interessant.

For this reason the book may prove suggestive and helpful to many.

Its glimpses into the life of the Ghetto, the deeply religious character of the Jew, and his intense yearnings and aspirations form the most interesting part of the book. Very impressive is his description of the solemnity of the "Days of Atonement," the Jewish New Year.

In the chapter on "Zionism" he presents us with an impartial view of both sides of the question. After dwelling on the poetic side and sur-

rendering himself to the fascinating thought of the homeless Jew returning to Palestine to rebuild his national life as the most cherished tradition of the race, he gives us his calm second-thought reason for opposing Zionism: "because I have greater hopes for my people, and because I have marked out a greater rôle for Israel to play in the history of the future than being a mere little bee building a little hive in a tiny obscure corner of the globe."

Typographically the book is very attractive; more's the pity, therefore, that it is disfigured by careless proofreading. E. H. S.

A Pointer for Trade Unions.

John McKean, a lawyer of Springfield, Mass., writes as follows in "Medical Talk" for June, 1903:

Until about a year ago I was perfectly indifferent to the state of medical legislation in our State. But at about that time I was called upon to defend a "Magnetic and Biochemic Physician," who had been arrested for practising his profession without a certificate from the medical board.

I thereupon studied into the question, not only in our commonwealth, but in many others of the States. I am of opinion that the statute in our State is unconstitutional as class legislation, and so advised my client.

It was decided to take the case to the supreme court of the State and test the question. But, seeing our attitude, the matter was dropped by the representative of the medical board who [had] caused the arrest of my client, and "no bill" was found by the grand jury.

At a recent hearing before the public health committee of the Massachusetts legislature on a bill to repeal the medical board statute, I stated before the committee that the law was unconstitutional; that I had a client (whom I produced before them) who had been arrested under this law, and who desired to take the matter up, but could not, because the medical board dared not carry it up; I dared the medical board to take a case to the supreme court and test the question. I told them to their face they were afraid to do so; told them we would furnish the defendant and evidence. My client told the committee that he was practising contrary to the statute; that he intended to continue to do so; that he would furnish the names of one hundred more who would make the same statement; and yet, in the face of this, no action of any kind had been taken by the medical board.

What kind of a law is this that can be and is with impunity defied in the very cradle and home of legislation, the State House at Boston, and before the very lawmakers themselves?

What a travesty of justice it is that such a law is allowed to remain as a bugaboo for weaklings, who dare not defy it! A law that was conceived in trickery, was born in iniquity, and bears patent on its face the marks of its conception and birth.

And yet there it stands and must stand apparently. The legislature won't change it, and the judiciary can't get a chance at it.

The "Eclectic Medical Gleaner" for July gives a summary of the above statement, and appends its own editorial opinion in the following words:

In our opinion the medical law of Massachusetts is no exception. An untrammeled court will, in many States, completely upset medical legislation, if given the opportunity. We believe them all to be "class legislation" and contrary to the constitution of the United States.

I have not seen or heard the arguments of lawyers on the subject of this class legislation; but certainly it looks very much as if the trade unions might aspire to have laws passed authorizing the governor to appoint for each trade a board composed exclusively of members of the union, which board shall have power to certify who is and who is not qualified to work at each trade, with a penalty upon any one working without a certificate from the trade board. There are none but doctors on the medical boards,—none but unionist doctors,—and only three schools of doctors are recognized in the medical registration laws,—mostly enacted within the past few years and now covering all the States.

Of course the power which was sought under pretext of protecting the public health was soon abused for professional interest. The president of the Indiana regular board announces that physicians arriving from other States and desiring to practise in Indiana may be admitted to registration without re-examination, provided they have diplomas and come with evidence of legal registration and good professional conduct in the State of their former residence, and provided that all such physicians so excused from re-examination shall make oath that they have not been and will not become *traveling* practitioners.

The Texas eclectic medical examining board refused license to a prominent advertising doctor, a graduate of the reputable Cincinnati college of its own school, solely because he advertises. The last I read of the matter, he had applied to the State supreme court for the writ of mandamus to compel the examining board to issue to him a certificate of license.

Those protective professional laws are of recent adoption in the Western and Southern States, but they had existed in some Eastern States for years. It is now ten or eleven years since the medical boards of Pennsylvania deliberately excluded a New England physician of first-class collegiate standing, a graduate A. B. of Dartmouth, M. D. of the National College (regular) of Washington, D. C., 1864, and Dean of the Vermont Medical College, a gentleman in every way as learned and skilled in medicine and surgery as the best of the Pennsylvania University professors. The regulars would not have him because he did not give calomel. The eclectic board balked, and declined to examine him. His offence consisted in his efforts to spread education among the people, as to health and medicine. The board examiners virtually admitted that the applicant knew all that they knew. They suggested that a promise of "conformity" in practice was expected. He had no such trade-union promise to give.

Let it not be supposed that I have any spite against trade unions. They are respectable till they take the law or any other invasive weapon to beat down competitors. TAK KAK.

During the recent race riots at Evansville, Ind., an inoffensive negro was lynched by a mob. The militia were present at the lynching, and endeavored to dissuade the mob by argument and threats. "When the officers of the militia," says the New York "Times," "saw how determined the crowd was, and that it would be impossible to save the negro, they reluctantly ordered their men to prepare to shoot to kill. The victim had been swung off when the firing actually began." Suppose, now, that, instead of a mob of infuriated whites bent on hanging a negro who had done them no wrong, this had been a mob of infuriated workingmen bent on hanging a capitalist who had done them a very real and grievous wrong. Is any one naïve enough to believe that in that case the militia would have waited till the capitalist was hanged before opening fire on the mob? And yet the New York "Times" and the other daily papers have the assurance to tell workingmen that the militia exists, not to protect capital against labor, but to preserve law and order, and that, in refusing to join it, they show themselves lacking in patriotism.

"A Columbus (Ind.) justice of the peace imposed a fine of twenty-five dollars upon a local tonsorial artist as punishment for practising medicine without bearing the necessary credentials. The Columbus barbers' union had protested against the culprit keeping his shop open after hours, and he claimed that treating the scalp, which he practised after union hours, was outside the barber business. Hence the prosecution for practising medicine." It is not stated that the prosecution was instigated by members of the union, but it is hard to avoid that inference. If so, the Columbus barbers are geniuses indeed. To punish one man for breaking the spirit of the union's laws in such a way as to keep within the letter, they go into court and get a decision which prohibits themselves from doing a business that is germane to the barber-shop and customarily associated with it. It is lucky they did not have to get "credentials" before they began barbering; a discreet licensing board would have held that a man who cuts off his nose to spite his face is not fit to be trusted with a razor.

The other day a negro who had been hounded by the anti-policy cranks of this city and was about to be tried on a charge of gambling shot and killed his principal persecutor in the court-house just before the hour set for his trial. Of course he was promptly arrested for murder, has been tried and convicted with unusual celerity, and undoubtedly will go to the electric chair. Just after the shooting he said to one of the police officials: "I'm no chicken-hearted nigger. I thought I might as well go for something as for nothing." Here is a beautiful illustration of the tendency of meddlesome and oppressive law to drive its victims to defensive violence. The hypocritical press, whose course is dictated by the greatest gamblers the world has ever known, has started a subscription for the family of the murdered official. If I owned a daily paper in New York, I would start a subscription for the family of the negro.

The Youthful Altruist.

As the end of the dinner is approaching, Rose, aged five, and her elder brother, Bobby, aged seven, perceive that in the dish of fruit provided for dessert there is but one orange, and Rose suddenly bursts into a fit of sobbing.

"What is the matter, my darling? Why do you cry?" asks mamma, anxiously.

"Because there will be no orange left for Bobby."

Irrelevancies.

George Bernard Shaw alleges that his enemies are always charging him with the telling of lies when it is expedient to do so, and that they fail to add that he also tells the truth when it is expedient to do so. It is curious to meet with theoretical non-moralists who labor to convince themselves and you that, by avoiding the letter of the lie, they can easily secure and maintain their self-approval. What part a knowledge of the truth—of all or of separate, detached bits of the truth—plays in human welfare is very dimly understood. The general conception, even among many who are non-moralists in the abstract, is that a lie would be just as good as the truth if it were not, somehow, "wrong." That is, even egoists—in the abstract—do not tell a lie without excusing themselves for it, while they tell a harm-bringing truth without compunction. Now, if we could have all knowledge, it would carry us a long way toward securing all possible good for ourselves. All knowledge not being possible, the fragments are not always directly helpful, at any given time, to any one human being. But, if you are in possession of a truth, however partial, that might help me, you are in so far my enemy rather than my friend as you, wittingly and willingly, keep this truth from me. This, always, though the words of your mouth are all strictly true. Physicians tell half-truths when they, knowing the ultimate effects of a treatment, are silent concerning them. In such cases they help their patients only just so far as they believe it will pay them to extend help. The whole question of good or bad, in truth-telling or lying, is the question whether we want to be friends or enemies—or, perchance, whether we may be—with those with whom we are dealing. If our neighbor is already our enemy, a lie is a weapon as good as any against him. We have no need to excuse ourselves. If it be not in our power to fight him with swords, and a lie is at hand, let us have the courage that ought to pertain to self-defence and use it. But let us also—again in our own self-interest—not delude ourselves with the belief that it is other or less than a sword. In the interests of friendship truth is our only ally. Other things being equal, our best friend is the one to whom we can open all the secrets of our hearts. But "other things being equal" is a wide proviso. Our best friend is the one with whom we most long to share our self-knowledge. Yet the very excess of our longing may give birth to our inability to uncover ourselves. We love most those of whom we feel: "You would love me, if you could know me." But reticence has value and worth, human relationships sharing inevitably the general, chaotic, transitional imperfectness. The man who has stepped into freedom uses the lie or uses the truth, as seems to him best, in quietness and self-approval; but, in proportion as he has grown into enlightenment, he perceives that a knowledge of truth in its entirety is the only saviour of mankind. He never congratulates himself on having used the word of truth to accomplish the work of deceit. He never misleads without full intent. It is not that we owe to our friends the truth,—for we owe no man anything,—but we love to give them of our truth, as we love to give them of all good store that we may share.

It sounds a bit hardhearted to characterize the man who has been knocked down with the club as "not very lovable," and to declare that he will have to get up, and also to grow, before he will become a friend who can be loved. The fellow who gets knocked down is very nearly the same fellow after he is down as before. Either prosperity or adversity may happen to change a man for the worse, and may make him less lovable to us. Which man gets knocked down is very largely a matter of chance, just as it is which house is entered and robbed. The burglar discriminates, to the best of his knowledge, but may make grievous mistakes. And his choice is not based entirely on his discernment in regard to which house is occupied by the most people who will valiantly defend both themselves and their property. Whether he can easily get in without being discovered; whether he can easily get out; how much he is going to secure,—all these points are weighed in the balance, I suppose. And our friends who get knocked down by the men with the clubs are not a more "offensive spectacle" than those who get knocked down by any untoward fate. Olive Schreiner's Waldo, whom we all loved, and loved to the end, was "stood over" many times by Bonaparte Blenkins. That his tormentor found his best pleasure in tormenting has very much to do with our hatred of him; but he showed himself in no better light in any other relation of his life. We would never have loved a Bonaparte Blenkins, even if there had been no Waldo for him to torture.

I have often wondered if the truth about it all were not that we like *our kind*. The oppressed may be a sorry sight, and the likelihood of our feeling any but an overstanding pity may be largely dependent on our having personally experienced oppression; but it is quite certain that the downtrodden are not all alike to us, and that very much, if not most, of what we feel about them hinges upon what they *are*, whether risen or fallen. There must be positive strength, of some kind, in anyone, before we can have positive feelings about him, either of hatred or love. But this strength may coexist with an utter inability to avert the being knocked down with a club. And this greatness of personality is quite consistent with temperamental, constitutional weakness in the line of escaping or of successfully turning aside outrages other than physical. The man who has the greatest gift for friendship may be most helpless under slander. Isn't it true that we like those to whom we belong, and that this belonging is independent of accident, or circumstance, or any situation which effects advantage or disadvantage in the struggle for existence among human beings? People who are trampled on long enough or often enough may lapse into a state in which their native strength is powerless for assertion, notwithstanding the fact that the crushed qualities have little or nothing to do with self-defence. The artist cannot create unless he can first live. But the strongest man might, by chance, be thrown into a position in which he would be helpless, and, while his attitude is inglorious, both his strength and beauty are there, all the same, if so be he has ever had them. There are, mayhap, people living in the same block with you, who, though lacking any aptitude for physical violence, are yet restrained from crowding you out of existence, pinching you out of existence, or tormenting you out of existence, only by the accidental fact that they do not know you, and so have missed discovering that they benefit themselves by such conduct. Your safety comes not from any lack of good will and pleasure on their part to make way with you.

I wonder if one of the elements in self-conceit is not the tendency to approve in one's self what one disapproves in others. I wonder why conceited people are so especially unlovable. Few things so quickly avert the heart. It really seems impossible for us all, as it was for Maggie Tulliver, to be sorry for them. "I think they always carry their comfort around with them." I wrote my friend: "You are a wonderful woman." Will it hurt her? Will she contemplate her own greatness, henceforth and forever, world without end? Not if she has any perception of the *relative* value of her own greatness. A woman is not wonderful because she knows a great deal. A mind may be "dry as dust," and yet be filled with learning. A woman is wonderful when she can rise and hold herself above the prevailing pettiness of mankind and womankind alike.

The real measure of greatness is the capacity for finding it. The test of a man's greatness is the readiness and depth of his enthusiasm about anything, anywhere, in any one, that is *over* the common level. It is not the power of ascendency over people, not the power to induce or persuade people to act in a certain way, not the power to do any special, separate thing. It is to possess a discerning eye. Alexander the Great had a passion for "moulding and re-shaping" men, the subduing frenzy. But a mightier than he is the man who sees always the heroism of the beaten and vanquished. Rakhmétoff's superiority was in his mastership of endurance, his *will* of power over himself, the might with which he summoned all his forces to work for him to achieve ends great. The sense of power, far from being a bad thing, is the only thing that makes life worth living. It is when we feel our weakness supremely that life loses its value. It is not the love of power, but the love of rule, that makes the tyrant.

The greatest artist is he who can see and feel beyond the skill of his hands to show. The artists we love are not the masters of technique. They are the men who make us see what we never saw before.

> Have you noticed now
> You cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,
> And trust me but you should, though. How much more
> If I drew higher truths with the same truth!

The man or woman who helps the world on most is he who "draws the Thing as He sees It."

BERTHA MARVIN.

Clement M. Hammond.

One of Liberty's earliest friends and contributors died the other day. Readers of the paper in the early eighties will remember the letters of Josephine,—a forecast of the future that ante-dated Bellamy and Morris. They were the work of my old newspaper associate, Clement M. Hammond. He was an exceptional character, who did not make the most of his abilities. Shortly after the appearance of the Josephine letters he said to me one day: "Tucker, I'm going to lie low for some years, and get rich. After that, I shall be able to devote myself to our ideas." I replied: "It is not for me to measure your strength for you, but I remind you that very few men in this world are sufficiently strong to carry through such a design." Nevertheless, he made the attempt. As a result, he earned a great deal of money, spent a great deal, ruined his health, and died penniless in the very flower of his manhood, having done for the cause that he loved nothing at all commensurate with his great powers. I cite the fact for the lesson there is in it, at the same time echoing most heartily the following tribute to his memory from the New York "Daily News":

Clement Milton Hammond, who died in his native town, Marion, Mass., last week, was one of those brilliant minds who serve the world without the world knowing it, for their lights are hidden under the business bushel of newspaper anonymity.

As writer, "idea man," and executive he had made enduring reputation among newspaper men. As consulting friend, he had probably solved as many personal and professional problems for his fellows as any American of forty years of age in this generation of trouble-bearers. Of seafaring Yankee stock, born in hardy old Cape Cod, his first successes were made on the Boston "Globe," of which he was associate editor in the late eighties—the formative period of present-day journalism. Later, as managing director of the New York "Press," he carried that newspaper through the trials of newspaper infancy, and afterward did valued work for the "Recorder," the "World," and the "Sun." Original thought, terse expression, picturesque humor, and ready generosity were his gifts to a degree appreciated more by those who knew him than by himself.

Again the Boycott.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Our discussion on boycotts seems to be turning into a word-contest, with the spirit of the subject left far in the rear. I thought I had made myself clear that what I condemn as invasive is the making of efforts having the object and effect of inflicting injury, such as are abundantly evident during practically every strike. If I were to criticise any looseness of language in your rejoinder, I would say that I never maintained boycotts to be criminal. They cannot be so until they are forbidden by law. Acts can be invasive without being criminal, just as other acts, like gambling, can be criminal without being invasive.

The fact that in car strikes, for instance, it has

happened that everyone attempting to patronize the cars was treated to a volley of stones would make the impression on me that the boycotters were making strenuous efforts to induce *everybody* to join them. Perhaps you would not call this a boycott, but that reigning in the coal region was of this very character. And, whenever I see a man trying to induce a stranger to join in a boycott or in a strike, I would conclude that his efforts are in the direction of getting everybody to join. I cannot see any contradiction or even looseness of language in my definitions.

Your horse-thief illustration is not a parallel to what happened in the coal region. If I know that Brown has stolen a horse and I should warn a friend to beware of him, I should consider myself as having acted within the line of equal freedom. But, if I should make special efforts to learn who Brown's customers are (Brown being not a horse thief, but having refused to comply with an impudent request), and attempt to dissuade these customers from dealing with him, especially if by the use of sophistry I would play upon their ignorance and prejudices, making them believe it their duty to follow my advice, I should consider myself an invader. Likewise, if I withdraw my custom from Jones, I do not prevent him from getting other customers, nor would I consider my withdrawal of custom "making efforts to inflict injury"; but, if I send out spies to obtain a list of his prospective customers with a view of dissuading them from dealing with him, my conscience would tell me that I am an invader.

You hold that any specific conduct that would be wrong in a state of freedom can be right when this freedom is restricted. Well, I cannot share your opinion.

It is incredible to me that your conception of the law of supply and demand is so superficial as to make you believe that "extra holidays, by decreasing the supply of labor without decreasing the demand for it in the same proportion, tend to increase the rate of wages." This corresponds with the mistake of the money-fiatists who hold that an increase in the volume of currency-notes, other things equal, diminishes the purchasing power of the dollar, or the mistake of Karl Marx who treats labor as a commodity. The burden of proof is yours, but I will at least offer a *reductio ad absurdum*. In a state of industrial freedom the sum total of all wages—meaning by wages all forms of remuneration for valuable services rendered—will equal the sum total of production. If, then, an increase of holidays would have the effect of increasing the rate of wages, the adding of holidays would make wages exceed the sum total of all production, which is absurd.

The "dreaded tyrants" take good care to keep outside of the arms of the law. They politely invite their neighbors to help them in their boycotts. One of those who refuse to comply with this request is one night reminded, by a charge of dynamite or some other forcible argument, that his refusal is not pleasing to somebody. Thereafter the other neighbors will complacently fall in line. Would you consider as non-invasive the importunities of those who take advantage of a reign of terror, such as existed in the coal region, even if there is no tangible evidence that they assisted in creating it?

Permit me to say a few words on the rejoinder of S. R. When he defended pickets, I had no idea that he referred to some imaginary ones. The pickets of this mundane globe are a part of the system of contemptible espionage and other surrounding conditions of which petty persecutions and occasional violence are part and parcel. To me they are unthinkable, independent of the conditions that impart to them the power they possess. Those who defend them incidentally defend those conditions. At least one-half of those workmen who, on being warned by pickets, refuse to accept the proffered employment do so because they do not want to take the risk of bodily harm which is known to be occasionally dealt to those who take the place of strikers, not to speak of the innumerable petty persecutions; I mean the active, not the passive ones, the invasive, not the non-invasive ones.

I had said that "a cessation of work by a number of workmen is never called a strike until efforts are made ..... to prevent their former employers from filling the vacated places." Comment is needless. But I repeat that nobody would call it a strike if any number of men were to leave an employer to accept employment elsewhere. The strike begins when the dissatisfied men, after stopping work, insist that they, and they alone, shall be re-employed on conditions other than those due to the law of supply and demand. And, if S. R. should say that today the law or supply and demand is interfered with and cannot dispense justice, I should most heartily concur, and promise to use my best endeavors to remove the obstacle or obstacles to freedom. But for this very reason will I resist to the end, and condemn with all the power at my command, the imposition of additional impediments.

As to what people call a boycott, I maintain, in the face of what the Gray commission may have said, that the refusal of thousands of people, individually, to deal with a certain person is never called a boycott until organized efforts are made to isolate the victim by getting everybody to join.

S. R. seems to be unable to distinguish between refusing to do that which might make others happy and doing that which makes others unhappy. The latter only of the two is invasion. Since the refusal to give alms cannot by any stretch of language be called an "act" or "effort," my critic has not met my contention, but has made a man of straw and successfully annihilated it. HUGO BILGRAM.

[S. R. being prevented by circumstances from contributing to this number of Liberty and the next, and myself being tired of reiteration in answer to Mr. Bilgram's reiterations, I give my critic the last word and let the subject drop, being perfectly satisfied with the controversy as it stands, especially as I have yet to meet, or hear of, a single person, among those whom I have been in the habit of counting as intelligent believers in equal freedom, who accepts Mr. Bilgram's test and definition of invasion.—EDITOR.]

Socialistic Despotism.

["The Public."]

A great hue and cry is being made over the vulgar rascalities that have been discovered in the postal department. These rascalities are bad, of course, and they ought to be exposed and punished. But it is somewhat anachronistic to try to hold any administration responsible for that kind of maladministration. It is of a kind that may occur under the best administration. There is a species of maladministration of the postal department, however, which is much more dangerous than vulgar fraud, and for which this administration is directly responsible.

We refer to the growing tendency of the administration to make the postal department a censor of newspapers and individuals. Its crusade against newspaper organs of opinions to which the administration objects, by preventing as much as possible their acquisition of second-class mailing rights, is not the only method of postal censorship. It is becoming a common thing to deny the use of the mails to individuals. This is done on pretence that the victims are engaged in fraudulent occupations. But it is done arbitrarily, without a trial, and upon the mere say-so of Mr. Roosevelt's attorney-general. Scores of persons in the United States to-day, and the number is fast increasing, persons who have been convicted of no offence, are unable to get any mail matter addressed to them by their proper names.

The latest notable instance of this kind is reported by "Freedom" of Seabreeze, Florida, in its issue of July 8. This paper has, for some inscrutable reason, been persecuted by the postal department for months, and Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post, the proprietor, has been deprived of mail addressed to her under the name of Helen Wilmans, her maiden name, and the name by which she is known widely as a writer. A prosecution in court on the charges on which she was denied her mail collapsed completely; but now everybody connected with her paper, including herself under her married name, has been put upon the postmaster-general's index of postal outlawry. Her statement of the fact in "Freedom" is as follows:

> Without any cause that I know of, except wilful and undisguised malice, there has been another fraud order pronounced on me that covers not only my mail, but that of C. F. Burgman, C. C. Post, Mrs. C. C. Post, Helen W. Post, and "Freedom." This virtually cuts me off completely from all my subscribers and from every one of my private correspondents. C. C. Post is now in Essex, N. C., and can get his letters there; but I cannot get a letter from him, no matter how urgent it might be; no, not even if he were dying and desired my help. Nor can I take his letters out of the Seabreeze office, though his highest interests depended on it.

Nothing can justify or excuse that kind of persecution. Though these people were the veriest criminals, tried, proved, and convicted as such, it would be an unwarrantable act of highhanded oppression for the postal authorities to outlaw their mail..... This matter cuts deeper than into the rights of the persons in question. If their personal mail can be stopped in that autocratic fashion, without trial or accusation, upon the mere *ipse dixit* of a postal clerk at Washington, anybody's can be. If their paper can be meddled with in this way by refusal to deliver remittances from subscribers, anybody's can be. This is not a question of particular persons; it is a question of legal rights. The congressman who will make it his business next winter to close up the postal censorship will earn a right to public approval. Meantime, victims of this species of persecution owe it not only to their own rights, but to public rights generally, to bring the matter into court by actions for damages against local postmasters for every letter or paper withheld.

The Misfortune of Being Black.

[Gaston Donnet in "L'Aurore."]

To come into the world black is looked upon as the greatest misfortune that nature can send you. If I had a black skin and a large fortune, I would spend my fortune in trying to wash myself; and, if I did not succeed, I would save my last louis for the purchase of a revolver with which to blow my brains out.

For the situation is no longer tenable.

Here in Europe, to be sure, the negro still holds a place midway between the horse and the ass, under the watchful care of the Society for the Protection of Animals. If the white man calls him "Chocolat" and besmears his back with plaster, these are simply inoffensive tricks. But in America, that land of individualism, the negro has not even the liberty of the horse and the ass. The white man does not amuse himself in besmearing his back with plaster; he makes use of him as a rifle target. It is more fun.

In those Southern States that gave birth to Washington there is no day when one or more lynchings do not figure in the programme of the evening's amusements. Last night there were six in Wilmington, and the population, having got their hand in, doubtless would have made the number an even dozen, had not police reinforcements been sent to the four corners of the city.

In Montgomery a very curious case has just been going on in the courts. Landed proprietors, police, and magistrates are charged with maintaining slavery in Alabama for the past fifteen years, by the following ingenious method. They pick up a handful of blacks here and there, and take them into court on a charge of carrying concealed weapons or some other imaginary offence. A judge passes sentence upon them. Not having a dollar in their pockets, the blacks cannot pay the fine. Then an owner of a plantation appears, and offers to pay their fines,—in return for which philanthropic act he is allowed to take away the prisoners and keep them until they have repaid the sum.

The unfortunates are forced to do duty in the cotton fields. When they are not well behaved, they are whipped; and when, tired of being whipped, they run away, they are hunted by enormous blood-hounds which bring them back in two pieces.

Poor devils! Under what lamentable star are they born? It is impossible to understand the ferocious and implacable hatred and contempt that pursue them with kicks and lashes.

One must have travelled in Louisiana and Texas to

form an idea of the assaults upon human dignity which even people that have had some experience in liberty are capable of committing. For, after all, a negro is a man. He is ugly, he is stupid, he is lazy; I know it. But, after all, he is a man, and not a kangaroo. They do not seem to suspect it in America.

In Charleston, in New Orleans, the street-cars are divided into two compartments,—black side, white side. A grating separates the two skins. There is a similar separation on the railways. In the Atlanta railway-station a mulatto has not the privilege of approaching the buffet; he must remain ten feet away. The waiter tosses him his portion, and the poor animal opens his jaws to take it on the fly.

Roosevelt has tried to recall his fellow-citizens to respect for individual rights, but he has wasted his time; and, if he had persisted, he would have lost a part of his political influence. Last year he invited Booker Washington to dinner. He will not repeat the performance, for it has brought upon his head more censure and more threats than if he had handed over to England half the territory of the United States. And the unfortunate Booker Washington, who thought himself a little whitened because he had been received by the president, had it soon forced upon him that he was blacker than before, for the following week, when on a lecture-tour in the south-west, he found no hotel to shelter him. All the waiters, all the servants, refused to serve him.

It is time that these continual persecutions were ended. The United States owe it to themselves; they owe it to their place in the world, which is great. We expected of them lessons in tolerance and moderation; they have decided to reprimand Nicholas II who reigns over a people still half savage, and on their own territory they allow things which the Kalmouks among the Kalmouks of Nicholas II would never dream of doing.

To be sure, we do not advise them to push the application of the principle of equality to the point of giving their daughters in marriage to the brothers of Booker Washington.

But we advise them at least to re-read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a little oftener, and not to treat their negroes worse than their dogs. They allow their dogs in the street-cars; why not their negroes as well, if the negroes are as carefully brushed and kept as clean of fleas?

Is that too much to ask?

It seems to me that the interest of the whites is concerned as well as that of the negroes.

The latter are getting weary of the incessant struggle. Brawls are occurring daily. Already, in many cities, both friends and foes of slavery go armed with bludgeons and daggers. A race war may break out at any moment.

There must be an end of this.

Either leave the negroes at peace, free to black their boots with all the "respectability" that attaches to a tax-paying merchant, or else impound them and asphyxiate them in a body. Or, if they are too numerous; if the executioners fear the prospect of a little remorse later,—send them to the Philippines. There they will form a neutral State under America's protection, and the Americans, having no more negroes, will choose other targets for their Winchester exercises.

And then, if, becoming again the sons of John Brown, they shall preach morality to the czar, we shall have no desire to laugh in their face, as we are so strongly tempted to do at the present moment.

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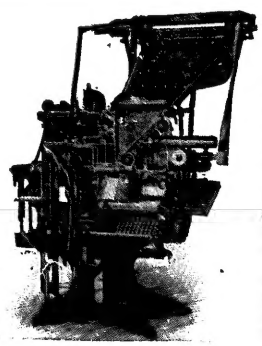

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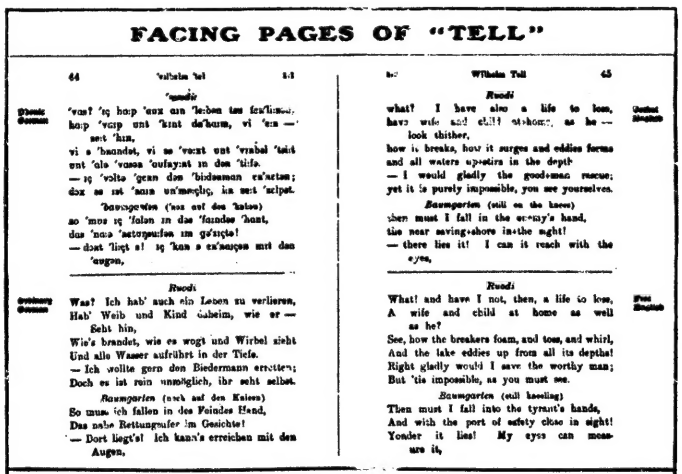

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October, 1900 JAMES GEDDES, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET

In this table, the letters representing the *voiceless* sounds, that is, the sounds produced without vibration of the vocal cords, are *enclosed in curves* ( ).

ORGANS	Lips	Gums	Palate	Veil	Uvula	Throat
Wholly closed, then opens	b(p)	d(t)	ɟ(c)	g(k) ɑ(q)		(ʔ)
Nose passage open	m(m̥)	n(n̥)	ɲ(ɲ̊)	ŋ(ŋ̊)		
Open at sides (of tongue) only		l(l̥)	ʎ(ʎ̊)	ʟ(ʟ̥)		
Trilled		r(r̥)			ʀ(ʀ̥)	ɢ
So close as to produce friction	v(f) ʋ(f)	z(s) ʒ(ʃ) ð(θ) ɹ(ɻ)	ʝ(ç)	w(ʍ)	ʁ(χ)	ɦ(h) (ḥ)
	Rounded		ɥ(ʜ)	ɯ(ʍ)		
	Rounded		ʝ(ç)	ɣ(x)		
Very close	Rounded		y ɥ	ɯ		
Close			i ɨ	ɯ		
	Rounded		ʏ	ʊ		
Half close			e ø	ɤ		
	Rounded		ø ɞ	o		
Half open			ɛ œ	ʌ		
	Rounded		œ ɜ	ɔ		
Open			a ɶ	ɑ		
Very open			ɐ	ɒ		

ˈ denotes that the *preceding* sound is relatively *long*
ˌ denotes that the sounds *just after* it are relatively *short.*
‿ denotes that the sound under it is *nasal*, or produced with the passage from throat to nose open.

[ ] denote that the pitch of the enclosed sounds is *high.*
[ ] denote that the pitch of the enclosed sounds is *low.*
/ denotes that the pitch of the preceding sounds *rises.*
\ denotes that the pitch of the preceding sounds *falls.*

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whether having private or class instruction, or studying by themselves only, who wish to *start right*, not start wrong, to be *continuously helped and corrected*, not continuously hindered and led astray, to proceed *rapidly*, not at a snail's pace, and to try the theory that *practice makes perfect.*

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